

PROJECT
D BY DONIA
ITAT - SOUND
UGUST 2020

MADE IN PARALLEL FROM
BARCELONA
BISCHOFSEHEIM
ISTANBUL
JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA
KAMPOT
LISBOA
LONDON
MANHATTAN
SIEM REAP
SINTRA
PORTO
RECOLETA
VANCOUVER
WEEHAWKEN

HEAR I AM

OUTCOME OF THE PROJECT
TRANSOUND HOSTED BY DONIA
JOURABCHI & IDENSITAT
OF OUR CITIES
DECEMBER 2020 - AUGUST 2021

Aleix Plademunt

Anna Recasens

Carolina de la Cajiga

Christos Papisotiriou

Donia Jourabchi

Matthias Neumann

Natalia Domínguez

Sofía Balbontin

Wingel Mendoza


Yolanda de los Bueis

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Can you
hear a
sound
which
you ~~(have
never)~~
heard
before?





Some parts are combined with playable media. Follow the links to access the corresponding audio or video tracks.



The online album is available at <https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases>

The tracks which accompany the reading of this publication at the above link will be indicated by the use of the symbol ► || ■



The sound archive is available at https://freesound.org/people/Hear_I_Am/

The present publication unfolds an assemblage of thoughts, stories and experiments on listening and sound explorations of particular places. It is an abundance of materials collected by a group of 12 people from different cities, during the project Transound which took place between December 2020 and August 2021.

The project questions our sense of place through sound and listening. It brings together a series of individual experimentations, and explores our understanding of the sonic environment, from how it is perceived and experienced, to how it may be tuned and articulated. As an outcome of this shared process:

- ~ This publication that retraces a journey through individual works, anecdotes and suggestions for listening experiments and stories;
- ~ Online album with compositions, sound collages and soundwalks;
- ~ Sound archive with our collected sounds.

I hear therefore I am

Did you know that hearing is the fastest of our senses?

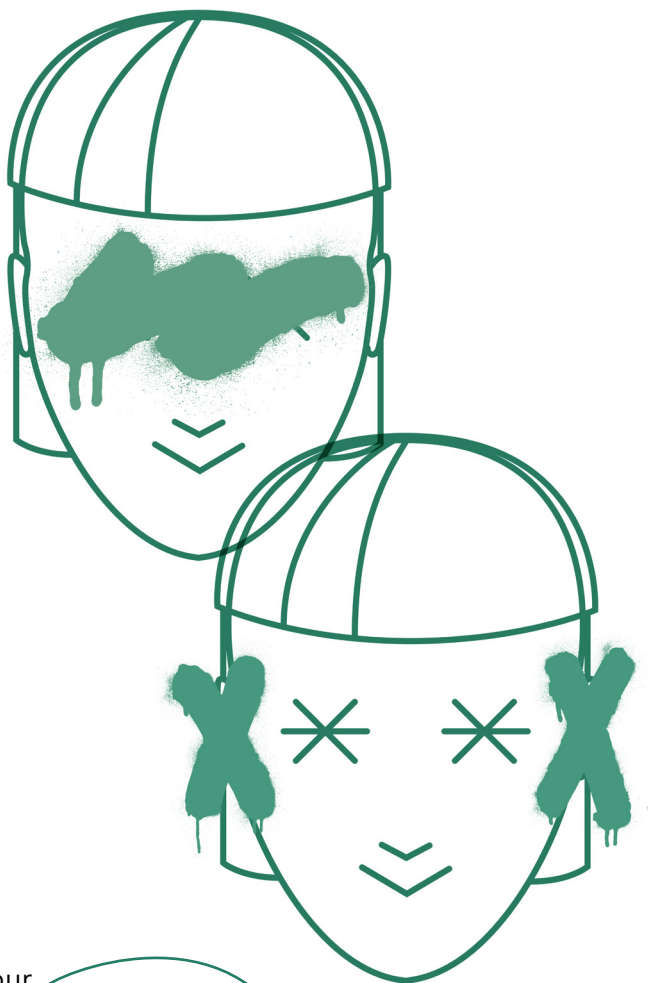
We are constantly hearing, sensing the vibrations of our surroundings through our ears, but also through our bodies; vibrations that connect with our conscious selves. The more we pay attention to the noises surrounding us, the more we develop a sonic sensibility to the coinciding particularities. We can be aware of it or not, but in the course of our life, we create a sound inventory of the perceived, and learn to give them shared meanings. We accumulate an experiential knowledge of the sounds in relation to the context of our listening. We can situate ourselves in space and time by directing our attention to what was, or what becomes audible.

Listen

By experimenting with listening and activating a place with sounds, we expand our perceptual knowledge of the world around us. Listening situations may be gathered into various modalities, connected to the ways we engage with our lived environment and a specific context. Through the practice of listening, not only we can notice the unseen and what shape our sense of reality, but we can expand our awareness to what is sensed as *presence* and the *now*.

Close your eyes
and listen
attentively

How do you
perceive your
surrounding just
by listening to it?



Close your
ears and observe
your surroundings

How do you
perceive
your muted
environment?

Don't you feel
more detached to
it than when you
only listen?

► II ■ LIGHTHOUSE

Acoustic awareness



BLINDWALK

1. Find a partner with whom you can go for a walk.
2. Blindfold yourself.
3. Let your partner guide you for a walk without saying a word, only holding you.

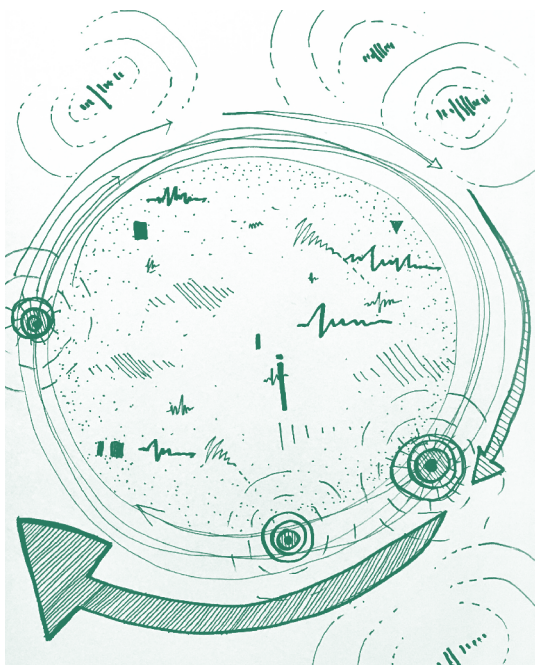
A sound happens in a moment and disappears almost at the same time. Once heard, it resonates in the silence within us. There are endless sounds to be heard if we make an attempt to listen.

Sound as an artifact of a place and moment. Patterns of vibrations from social context and physical conditions.

► II ■ PRAÇA MARTIM MONIZ

Sonic Artifacts

Sound travels through space. It vibrates in waves of spectral intensities and affects its surroundings as much as it its surroundings affect it. Those waves are manifestations of energies shaped within their physical context. The sonic presences form unique noise constellations at a specific moment. From the moment a sound is, it is almost gone. To the listener, it becomes a memory of a sonic instance.



► II ■ WEAVING MACHINES

SONIC MEMORIES

We can still see in the urban landscape the imprint of an intense activity of processes of transformation and industrial modernisation. Towers with clocks, chimneys, factory halls, remind us of the textile industry through the city. As a child, when I walked around, in every street there was a house, a workshop, a factory, and you always heard that clattering and whirring of the looms, which was part of our routine and a key to the city's identity and its character.

These islands of memory, increasingly less numerous, are maintained as the immaterial element that offer a sense of belonging to those who still share them. I have sonic memories of the looms, of the click-clack, rackety-rack, swoosh, rattle, clink-clank, of the zig-zag of the shuttles, of the voices rising above the clattering noise of the machines roaring like a rushing river, and of the sirens of the shift change. Hypnotic noises, with which we danced our walk through the streets, following rhythmic beats: the shaft's up and down, the shuttle's backward and forward, the weaving comb, or the punch card. Some people recognised the exact machines and

the fabrics they were weaving, according to the sounds they made.

The looms were instruments of an orchestra, playing a score that described a certain historical time. Other people distinguished the sounds of the sirens as a way of measuring time, and as a tool of social embodiment.

Nevertheless, these sounds and these places, now evocative of a reality made into a poem, were sonic spaces that overwhelmed the senses and ultimately hid other layers of meaning, such as that of invisible work, that of women and children who lived under harsh conditions, poorly paid to perform delicate manual operations, as their smaller bodies and their little fingers could fit between the machines.

Draw what you HEAR-Draw what you HEAR-



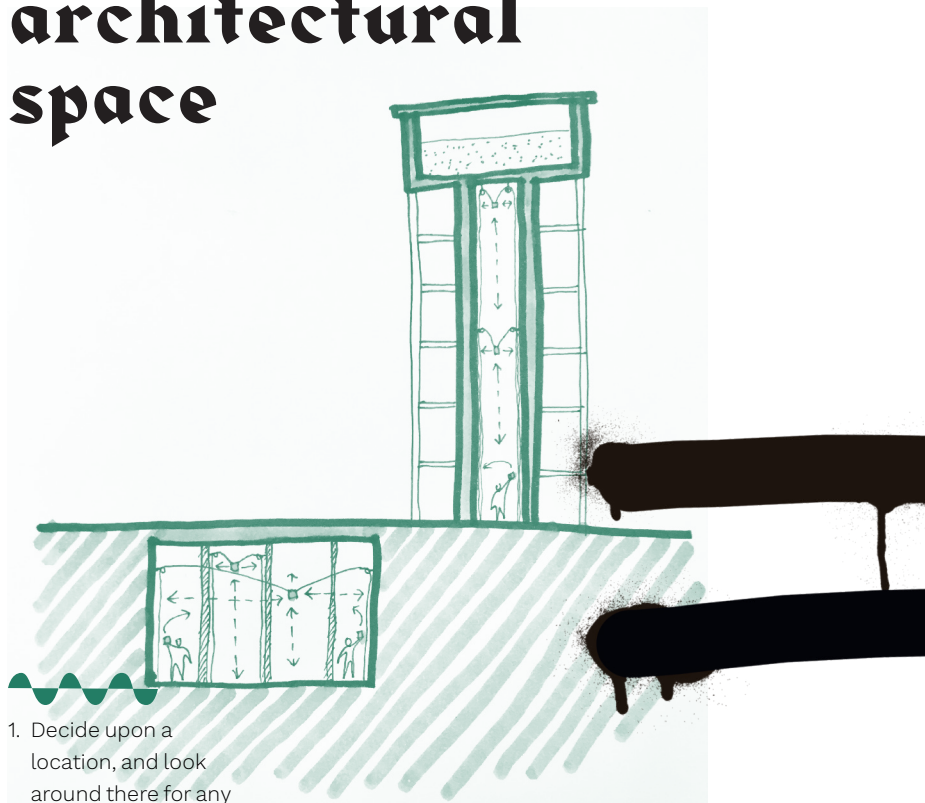
1. Find a place to sit, and listen carefully to what is happening around you.
2. Take a few minutes to settle your attention on what you hear.
3. Pay attention to the intensities, the textures, and other sonic qualities.
4. Notice the rhythms, the modulations.

https://freesound.org/people/Hear_I_Am/

Soundwalk

Slow motion through the indoor shopping mall with shopping carts rattling, people dealing and the clicking of fingers on machines and metal. Out to a small street with mopeds and passersby, through various high-traffic streets gradually approaching more car traffic while walking more briskly. Walking into a more residential street and turning into a courtyard with children playing. A motorcycle stops as the walk continues through smaller streets where children are hanging out with their mothers. Some cars and trucks pass through slowly, some stop. Turning back away from the city noise through a path of cobble stone with trees and birds chirping, approaching another street with traffic and a street cleaning truck sweeping the street.

Performing with the architectural space



1. Decide upon a location, and look around there for any objects that you may pick up.
2. Take them into a room, and use the objects to strike against the floor and the walls, and all around the place.
3. Experiment with all the possible ways of making sounds with the found objects within the interior space.
4. Allow the space to respond to you by leaving silences between the sounds that you play.

Sound as
a trigger of
acoustic spaces.



<https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/tunnel-impro>

► || ■ TUNNEL IMPRO
**Physical
sonic
filter**

There
is
a
constant
humming,
background
noise,

Some thoughts on listening I

with some kind of metallic additions and a sound like an electrical wave. The subject is moving, at some points apparently on public transport, at others, walking by interior and exterior spaces. In the middle of the constant humming, I recognise the sound of steps along various paths like concrete or gravel, sounds of birds, water, people, cars/roads, machinery, and what seems to me to be some kind of station... a train station with tracks, moving coaches, whistles, but also an aerial space. Perhaps I sense a proximity to the sea. And at some moments, it seems as if it is raining.

► II ■ WINDBLOW

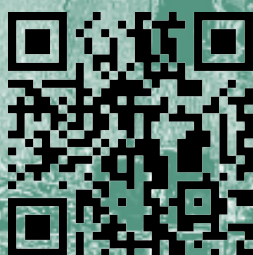
Some thoughts on listening II

Sounds were my thread out of a dark period in my life. Taking part in this workshop became an outlet giving me some measure of sanity outside of my messed-up world. Paying attention to sounds was the getaway out from the daily grind. Sounds and noises have kept my mind afloat.

Listening to wind sounds from the faintest whisper making leaves delicately shiver to howling blasts that can bend trunks and reverberate like invisible waves in the atmosphere, took me to alternate spaces. It felt like soaring above a forest free of any restraints. The squeaking and creaking sound of fresh snow crushed under my boots – swoosh, hush, swoosh, swoosh – led me to an imaginary winter land far, far away where no one had spoiled the vast soft, white cover camouflaging reality. Inside my walls, the melodious clash of water jars touching each other awoke my hearing sense. The jars became a fortuitous musical instrument I could play to create compositions of trickling or rushing water.

Another serendipitous sound that caught my attention was that of packing tape echoing through rooms filled with boxes. I created a sound pattern by stre-e-etching the tape as tightly as could be, or cut it into short or long pieces. Each time producing unique vibrations and tones. The cacophony of the sounds turned into an abstract score.

For months now, sounds and noises have been my liberating force. Usually, colours are my source of creation or escape; this time my ears have been leading the way.



► II ■ FENNEL

WALKING IN LINES / WALKING IN CIRCLES

An abstract geometric design in green ink. It features several thin, parallel diagonal lines crossing the page. Overlapping these lines are three circles of different sizes. The circles are positioned such that they appear to be part of a larger geometric composition, possibly representing the 'walking in circles' mentioned in the title.

Once upon a time, at a time when kings were still a thing, the ruler of the land had three sons, or daughters, the genders were only vaguely passed down to posterity. One was bed-ridden, one dreamed of faraway places, and the third was all about town. One day the king gathered his children and said: “Princes or princesses – it’s time you get to know your country. Go, each to your own liking, and tell me what our country sounds like. Don’t look – the eyes are deceiving; don’t

often an affront touch – I want you to don’t taste – unless use your ears to surroundings.

and tell me what bed-ridden child right out to the stayed there until The second took to walking West, the the sun, always straight, until he reemerged on the Eastern gate of the city a year later. And the third never left the city walls, circling the market square in concentric circles, never touching the center. A year passed and the king and his offspring reconvened. “Tell me about last year”, the King addressed his children. What do you think they said?

smell – it’s more than not; don’t perceive, not to act; you’re eating... Only understand your Be back in a year you heard.” The wheeled the bed market square and the year was up. the street and kept same direction as

This
 story was
 told by Shane T.
 Umman who had been
 walking in a straight line all
 across the continental Midwest
 of the United States for 21 days
 until he reached the Venetian town of
 Palmanova which he circled for another
 7 days, only to rest in the central square for
 the next 3 days. He claimed he had done all
 this with his eyes closed. He claimed he had
 learned a great deal about the expanse of the
 land, the rhythm of the city and the pulse at the
 heart of the city. When asked what he had learned,
 he claimed he couldn't tell, but could tell me how
 to get my own answers.

He said:	<i>If you feel</i>	<i>rhythms are your</i>
<i>Look for a street,</i>	<i>uncomfortable</i>	<i>steps, your breath,</i>
<i>in the city, or in the</i>	<i>walking with your</i>	<i>and if you listen</i>
<i>countryside, that</i>	<i>eyes closed, try</i>	<i>closely you might</i>
<i>is straight, that</i>	<i>to keep your eyes</i>	<i>even hear your</i>
<i>keeps going, on</i>	<i>on the road, don't</i>	<i>heart beat. My</i>
<i>and on and on. It's</i>	<i>look around, don't</i>	<i>friend John might</i>
<i>not difficult to find.</i>	<i>look at people,</i>	<i>suggest that if you</i>
<i>The world is full of</i>	<i>don't look at</i>	<i>pace yourself to a</i>
<i>streets that lead</i>	<i>the colors of the</i>	<i>steady 68 bpm you</i>
<i>to the horizon. The</i>	<i>landscape and the</i>	<i>might even get</i>
<i>ancient street grid</i>	<i>buildings left and</i>	<i>musical. After you</i>
<i>of Milet is but a</i>	<i>right. Only listen</i>	<i>are done walking</i>
<i>small collection of</i>	<i>to the sounds.</i>	<i>in a straight line</i>
<i>roads to infinity.</i>	<i>Notice that its</i>	<i>through the city</i>
<i>Walk the street</i>	<i>never quiet. Notice</i>	<i>for 50 min, or less,</i>
<i>grid of Barcelona,</i>	<i>that the sounds</i>	<i>or more, sit down</i>
<i>of Manhattan,</i>	<i>never quite repeat.</i>	<i>with a friend with</i>
<i>or walk from</i>	<i>It's an oozing</i>	<i>a drink and try to</i>
<i>Lincoln, Nebraska</i>	<i>continuum, like</i>	<i>narrate what you</i>
<i>in any direction</i>	<i>swimming in the</i>	<i>heard. Good luck</i>
<i>as far as your</i>	<i>ocean and every</i>	<i>with that.</i>
<i>legs carry you; or</i>	<i>wave is never</i>	
<i>for 50 minutes,</i>	<i>quite the same</i>	
<i>whichever is</i>	<i>as the next one.</i>	
<i>preferable.</i>	<i>The only constant</i>	

When the Great
Pandemic hit the
shores of New
Jersey and life as
we had known
it came to a halt
S. T. Umman
took refuge in
Weehawken,
up on the cliffs
overlooking
the island of
Manhattan.
Every morning
he would walk
down Pershing
Street, take the
stairs down the
cliffs to the ferry
at Port Imperial,
walk north along
the Hudson
shore, past the
joggers, past the
strollers, up River
Park Place into
West New York,
through the parks
atop of the cliff,
memorializing
Columbus and
subsequent
atrocities, until
he was back to
where he had
started. That's 30
minutes in all, for
a year every day;
that's 182 hours,
give or take. He
would have his
daily markers

along the way,
revisiting everyday
the sound of the
kitchen exhaust
at the Mexican
restaurant,
the squeaking
metal stairs
leading down the
cliffs, the ferry
announcements
across the street
from the hotel
lobby music,
the seagulls,
the waves, the
cars stopping at
the pedestrian
crossing, people
on their phones,
children, dogs,
birds. All the same
every day, and
always different. It
was as if he went
for a walk every
day to hear what
had changed, but
he couldn't be
sure, so he had
to go again the
next day. It used
to be considered
a pathology of the
insane to walk in
circles endlessly,
collapsing
the path onto
oneself without
resolution. S. T.
Umman considers
it as part of a
pathology of life,
which is cyclical
and repetitious in
endless variations.

He said:

Look for a street, in the city, or in the countryside, that leads back to itself, that goes in circles, around a hill, or where the city walls used to be in a time where kings were still a thing. If the city happens to be square with a grid, role a dice, and walk straight for however many city blocks that you rolled on the dice, turn left, and repeat 4 times: you will end up where you began. If you rolled a 1 you will circle only one block, if you rolled a 6 you will circle 36 city blocks; either is fine. Repeat the same path at least 3 times. Every time you hear a remarkable sound along your way stop, close your eyes, listen for as long as it would take you to tie your shoes; then continue. The next time you pass this very spot stop again and listen for as long as it would take you to tie the other shoe. If you don't wear shoes with shoe laces just pretend. After you repeated this for at least 3 times invite your current love interest to join you the next morning to do the round again. If you don't find the words to point out the sounds you remember, you can always kiss at each spot of sonic interest. But be aware: the sound of your actions will likely obfuscate the fragile noise of the moment.

Or
if you
are lazy, as
I am, don't walk
at all. Sit where it's
comfortable, preferable
in the most lively square
in town, with access to a bar
tender. Have a drink of your
choice, don't move at all other
than absolutely necessary, and
listen. Try to write down not what
you hear right at the moment
but what you heard 10
minutes ago. Do
this every time

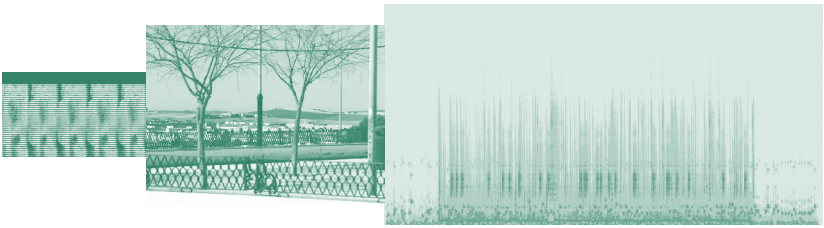
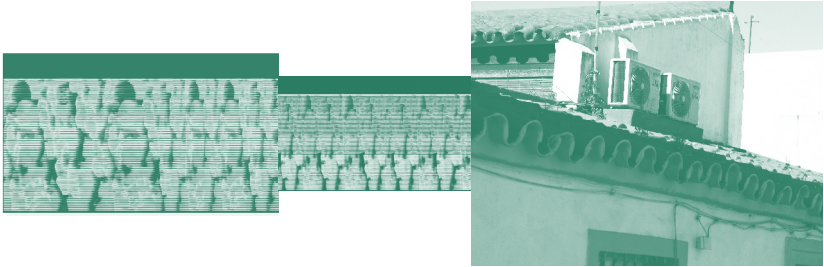
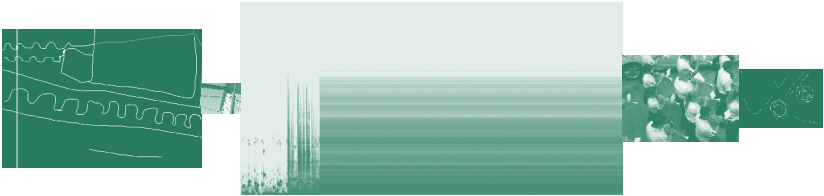
you
finish your
drink.

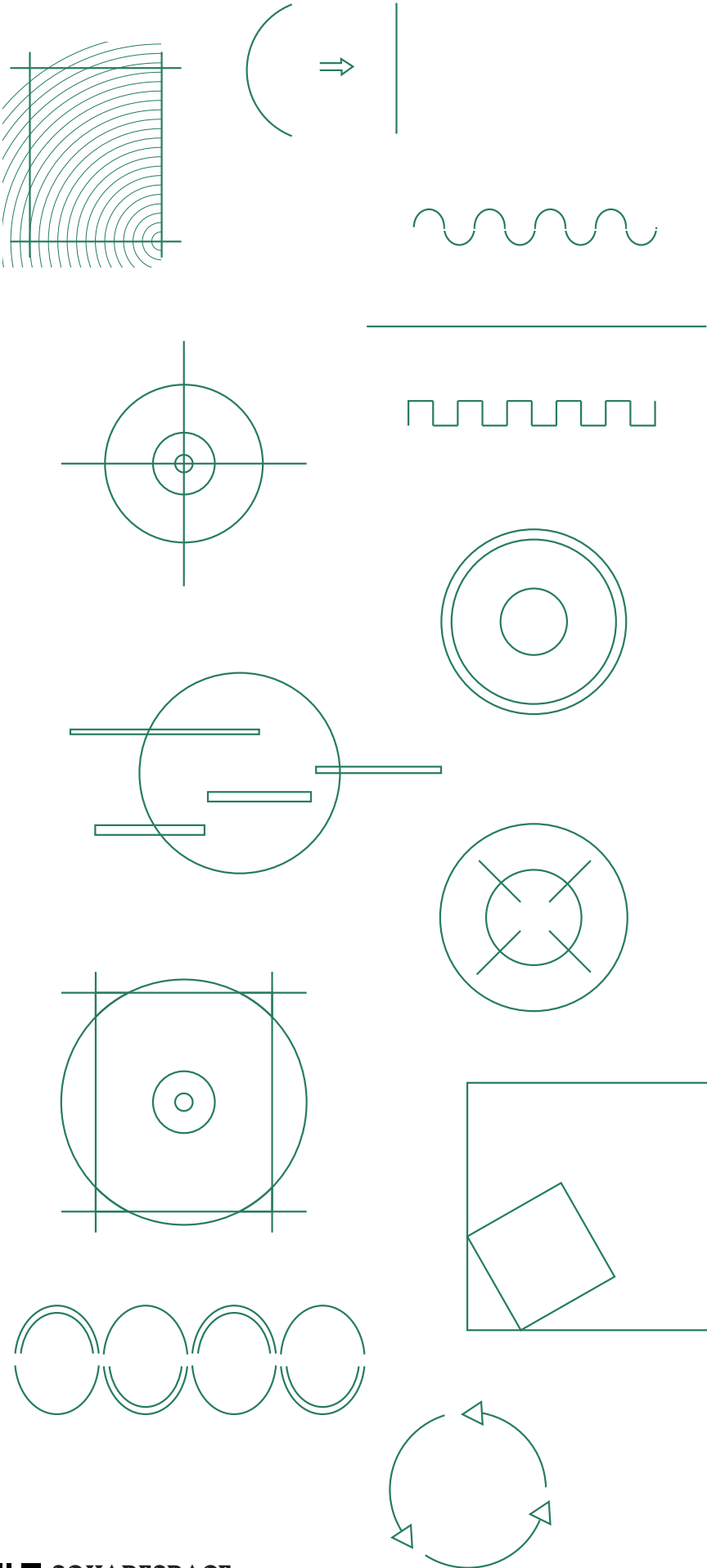
PALIMPSEST

A SOUND PIECE IN AND ABOUT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD



I am writing a story with sounds as words. There is a combination of street-recorded sounds that remain deliberately in the background (sounds of the same streets before and during lockdown), and they are combined with computer generated sounds using related images and words. I like to reuse, recycle, repurpose sounds, superimposing one over another in an attempt to express an everyday landscape. Working through the idea of a palimpsest serves to expose the very principles and ways of life in a community, its resilience, either involving the listener in glimpses of a disappearing past, or as a response that surfaces through the layers, creating an emergent and fluent new landscape.





<https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/square-space>

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

► II ■ VIBRATION
**TECHNO
CONSTRUCTIVISMO**

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

FOUNDATIONS
FOU FOU FOUNDATIONS

FOUNDATIONS
FOU FOU FOUNDATIONS

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

FOUNDATIONS
FOU FOUNDATIONS

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

FOUNDATIONS
FOU FOUNDATIONS

<https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/vibration>
The lyrics presented in this page are inspired by an artwork from Tony Cokes.

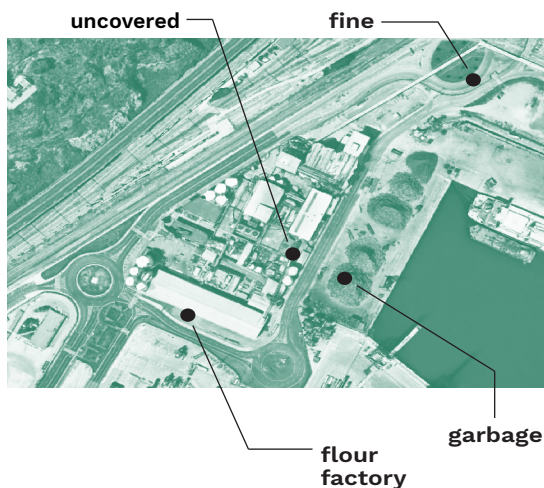
▶ || ■ SCHIP
▶ || ■ SOJA FACTORY


Port of Barcelona

When I came to Lisbon in April I had a ticket to Santiago-Barcelona, so I stayed in Barcelona a week before going to Lisbon. I wrote to Christos and Natalia, as I knew they were living in the city, to do one of the soundwalks recommended by Anna. Only Christos was available, so we decided to go to the port.


We were walking through the street and we saw an open factory, so we went inside to record. Above there was a wagon moving around, carrying flour to a big mountain of flour (a bit like the scene in Tarkovsky's *Stalker* with mounds of sand). We were captivated there for a long time by the beautiful rhythms of the wagon. When we left, we saw a man sleeping in a truck who suddenly saw us and became angry... so we moved. We came to a big mountain of garbage with big mechanical grabbers shifting the trash. We started to record. In a moment a guy came to us and asked us if we were taking pictures of the port, then he left (uncover audio). At that moment we noticed we were discovered. We decided to move slowly to the exit... but we couldn't find any exit. We were trapped. We were walking and walking and there was no way to get out.

Suddenly about 5 police cars came and asked us if we were some kind of spies, if we were reporters, if we worked for the press, etc. They made us delete all the recordings and photographs (we acted as we were doing but of course we didn't delete anything). Finally they fined us about 60€, that we didn't pay (this part must be explained by Christos). At the end we were escorted out by the police through a secure door to the street.





DENÚNCIA / DENUNCIA



Port de Barcelona

núm. butlleta / n° boletín	dia / día	mes / mes	any / año	hora / hora
C- 276035	22	04	2021	18:00

Polícia Portuària
Cos de Guardamolls

NORMA INFRINGIDA / NORMA INFRINGIDA

Llei de Ports de l'Estat i de la Marina Mercant / Ley de Puertos del Estado y de la Marina Mercante☐

Reglament d'Explotació i Policia del Port / Reglamento de Explotación y Policia del Puerto☐

Ordenança portuària / Ordenanza portuaria☐

ARTICLE / ARTICULO	Apartat / apartado	Opció / opción	IMPORT / IMPORTE
306	1F	1	60 €

LLOC DELS FETS DENUNCIATS / LUGAR DE LOS HECHOS DENUNCIADOS

Via/Moll	Davant de
Via/Muelle	Frente a
Punt quilomètric	En sentit a
Punto kilométrico	En sentido a
Altres referències	
Otras referencias	

FET DENUNCIAT / HECHO DENUNCIADO

Acceder a la zona portuaria restringida sin autorización válida

DADES DEL VEHICLES – EMBARACIÓ – VAIXELL / DATOS DEL VEHÍCULO – EMBARCACIÓN - BUQUE



Matrícula	Pais
Matricula	País
Classe	Marca
Clase	Marca
Model	Modelo
Nom de l'embarcació – vaixell	
Nombre de la embarcación - buque	

DADES DEL DENUNCIAT – CONDUCTOR O USUARI / DATOS DEL DENUNCIADO – CONDUCTOR O USUARIO

Permis de conduir /DNI / NIE / Passaport	
Permiso de conducir / D.N.I. / N.I.E. / Pasaporte	
Classe	Data naixement
Clase	Fecha nacimiento
Nom	Cognoms
Nombre	Apellidos
Domicili	Núm
Domicilio	Número
Població	Codi postal
Población	Código Postal

OBSERVACIONS / OBSERVACIONES

SIGNATURES / FIRMAS

AGENT DENUNCIANT AGENTE DENUNCIANTE TIP: 01902	AGENT NOTIFICADOR/A AGENTE NOTIFICADOR/A TIP:	DENUNCIAT/ADA / DENUNCIADO/A (No implica conformitat) / (No implica conformidad)
		<input type="checkbox"/> Absent / Ausente <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> S'excusa / Se excusa
Signatura / firma	Signatura / firma	

► II ■ BLINDWALK

Montigalà

For the “Sound of our cities” project I like to walk and listen to the sound of this place full of historical symbolism, hidden behind a layer of radical contemporaneity: multinational companies that sell products manufactured in Asia and made them under precarious labor conditions, shopping malls, impersonal commerce, as phant, periphery and branding. I have made sound recordings to make these two moments collide, I have tried to find indices of a past in this present, full of globalized standardization and apparently recognizable sounds. I’m interested in that collision of spaces, times and sounds.

On August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus (1451–1506) undertook the first trip to the American continent, financed mainly by the Catholic Monarchs.



01

He sailed for more than two months through the Antilles, establishing contact, relationships and exchanges with local inhabitants.



02

On December 7, 1492, King Fernando el Católico was wounded by the peasant Joan de Canyamars (later sentenced to death) in the city of Barcelona.



06

In April 1493, while the queen were recovering from an illness, the king received the official visit of Christopher Columbus.



04

Currently the 200-hectare neighbourhood is a commercial area with hundreds of international brands and stores.



07



03

On October 12, 1492, he sighted the island of Guanahani (renamed by Columbus as San Salvador).



09

On January 15, he began the return trip, and arrived in Seville on March 20, 1493.



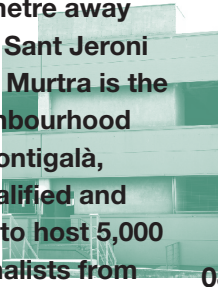
05

king and
from the
monastery
Murtra, they
it from



11

Located one kilometre away from Sant Jeroni de la Murtra is the neighbourhood of Montigalà, requalified and built to host 5,000 journalists from all over the world who came to cover the 1992 Barcelona Olympic Games, 500 years after the arrival of Christopher Columbus.



08



10



12



**[https://heariam1.
bandcamp.com/
releases](https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases)**

Listen to the sounds linked in the present publication and additional compositions.

Tracklist

1. Lighthouse – Yolanda de los Bueis
2. Praça Martim Moniz – Sofia Balbontin
3. Weaving Machines – Anna Recasens
4. Tunnel Impro – Wingel Mendoza
5. Windblow – Carolina de la Cajiga
6. Rubble – Sena Aydin
7. Fennel – Matthias Neumann
8. Palimpsest – Anna Recasens
9. Square Space – Christos Papasotiriou
10. Vibration – Natalia Domínguez
11. Schip – Sofía Balbontin
12. Soja Factory – Christos Papasotiriou
13. Blindwalk – Aleix Plademunt
14. Rhythms – Anna Recasens
15. Mezcla – Sofía Balbontin
16. Engine Room – Natalia Domínguez



**[https://archive.org/
details/transound-
collected-sounds](https://archive.org/details/transound-collected-sounds)**

Explore the complete sound archive of the project Transound.

Recordings in the archive

AR_ by Anna Recasens

AP_ by Aleix Plademunt

CC_ by Carolina de la Cajiga

CP_ by Christos Papasotiriou

DJ_ by Donia Jourabchi

MN_ by Matthias Neumann

ND_ by Natalia Domínguez

SA_ by Sena Aydin

SB_ by Sofía Balbontin

WM_ by Wingel Mendoza

YD_ by Yolanda de los Bueist



**[https://archive.org/
details/@hear_i_am](https://archive.org/details/@hear_i_am)**

Watch some of the videos created for the project Transound.

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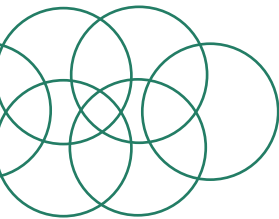
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Irati Irulegui & Idensitat

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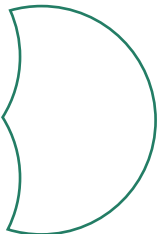
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